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From the Knickerbocker.

THE MARRIED MAN'S STORY.

"Well, well, my dear boy, say no more. Such as it is, you shall have it. (Pass the bottle;) I shall need a large share of Dutch courage, before I can venture upon 'My Life. My life? Upon my word, as Brooks the poet once said, 'I *have* no life.'

'There is one grand epoch in my existence which absorbs the interest I might feel in every other event that has happened to me since my birth. (My glass is out.) When a young man, I *married*. Nay, don't stare—'tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true.' Could I forget it, I should be the happiest old fellow breathing! but the memory of that error weighs upon me like the night-mare. Whew!—the bare mention of it gives me the tremors! I *married*—that was bad, you'll admit—for love—that was still worse—'*an angel*' and that embraces the three degrees of comparison: bad worse—worst. (Hand the bottle.) Let me, as your sincere friend, advise you never to——'

'Drink?'

'No, boy, no—never to *marry*. You may lose your fortune, your friends, your credit, or join the Temperance Society, and thus from choice or necessity quit drink whenever you please; but a *wife* sticks to you like a bur: you cant quit her, and she wont quit you. Well, as I was saying, I fell in love with as pretty a piece of woman's flesh as you could hope to meet of a summer's day. So beautiful, so modest, so accomplished, so gifted in intellect, so mild in temper, so amiable in disposition, that 'pa,' and 'ma,' and brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts, and nephews and nieces, all joined in declaring my chosen an angel. Be it remembered, boy that I was rich, very rich—of course, a 'good catch' even for an angel—particularly one who needed an establishment, without the remotest prospect of obtaining it, otherwise than by the aid of that necessary evil, a wealthy husband.

'If ever you should marry—which the saints forbid!—never marry for love Above all shun '*an angel*' as you would the pestilence. '*Degustibus non est disputandum*' it is true, if we apply the remedy in time. Nothing like wine to drive a woman out of your head. If you have any *taste* for 'angels' set about its correction immediately 'We had better,' says Shakspeare, 'bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of.' *Carpe diem.* So pass the bottle once more, and I will endeavor to resume the thread of my narrative, which my great friendship for you induces me constantly to break, that I may give you good advice in the right place.

'How I wooed and won my 'angel' bride, I will now relate. In fact I do not recollect much about the courtship. I offered myself and was accepted. My *merits* were too great not to be promptly recognized by the whole family; and my adored Gabriella was soon brought, as Mrs. Malaprop, would express it, to 'own the soft impeachment' of a mutual passion. Only a single objection was hinted at, and that so gently, and with so sweet a smile, that, though it deeply wounded my pride at the moment, I soon recovered from the shock.

'I was christened at the fount by the name of Jonathan. Where the duce my patronymic of Butterball came from I can't imagine. Had it been *Buttermilk*, I should think it Irish. Jonathan Butterball was the name of my honored father, and such was the cognomen I was destined to bear, being an only son sent him for his comfort in his old age. How far I fulfilled my mission, it may not be profitable at this time to inquire.

'Gabriella Butterball certainly had very little of the euphony of aristocracy in its sound. Gabriella was patrician enough—but Butterball was plebeian beyond all hope of redemption. My good father—may he rest in peace! was a tailor by trade, and though immensely wealthy, would never give up the ship till death removed him from the *board*. Gabriella felt that wealth could never ennoble the tailor's son while he continued to bear the family-name, and gently hinted at my adopting hers sanctioned by a legislative enactment. Howard, it cannot be denied, *is* a nobler name than Butterball.

'But I, too, had my prejudices, which Miss Howard found it dangerous to arouse, so she consented to become Mrs. Butterball, without any condition expressly recognised. Perhaps she relied on her powers of eloquence, or some other more efficient power, to be brought into full play at some more convenient season, to induce me to sink the melting cognomen of Butterball in that of the aristocratic Howard. Be that as it may, (don't let your interest in my biography suspend the free circulation of the wine,) we married, and Gabriella Howard, became, much to her satisfaction, as well as my own—at that time—Mrs Jonathan Butterball.

'Alas! how transitory is all sublunary bliss '*Sic transit gloria mundi.*' In one short month, I discovered that my 'angel' wife was only—what shall I say—was *only*—a woman! Believe it or not my young friend, I speak the words of truth and soberness—that is to say, whether drunk or sober, what I tell you *is* true—in one short month I discovered, in spite of the testimony of 'pa' and 'ma,' and all the kith and kin, Gabriella Butterball was no better than a woman!

'When I made this astounding discovery you may readily imagine my *love* evaporated with the speed of a burst bottle, leaving me only the uncomfortable and unsatisfactory assurance of being tied for life to a female whose greatest pleasure would consist in rendering me miserable. Xantippe was a novice to my Gabriella, in the art of teasing, or Socrates waran ungrateful rascal for not thanking his judges on his knees for their kindness in condemning him to drink hemlock. For my part I would voluntarily have drank hemlock, or any other poison, to have eased me of my troubles, had I not accidentally discovered that *madeira* was much more pleasant, and equally efficacious, in rendering me indifferent to the 'little ways' of my quondam 'angel,' and most excellent rib.

'She had obtained what she so much needed and desired, an establishment, where she could rule and reign—that is to say, I gave up my house to her *management*, while I *managed* to ensconce myself pretty comfortable in a neighboring tavern.

'It is true, I did my part toward bringing out the natural acerbity of my wife's termagant disposition, by disagreeing to several little matters she had set her heart upon. She began to play the tyrant too soon. My eyes were opened before I had given my consent to become Mr. Howard, and obstinately did I adhere to the name I had inherited from the old tailor. The poor woman who was proud to excess of her family name and blood and *my* wealth, found a constant source of mortification and irritation in her marital acquisition of a name. Mrs Butterball was hateful to her, but Mrs. Jonathan Butterball perfectly odious. The name of Jonathan was proscribed, and Butterball not allowed, only in cases of absolute necessity. My 'angel' that *was*, took great delight in venting her spleen on my devoted, head, until I sometimes felt ready to give up in despair—submitting quietly, and with meekness, to 'arbitrary government.,

'But I rallied again and again for independence, and at the end of two years found that I and my dear wife held our own pretty equally. One thing I knew, and the knowledge was as disagreeable to *madame* as it was to myself. I knew that Gabriella would remain Mrs. Butterball till death or the law should divorce us; but I consoled myself with the reflection, that the same kind dispensation which relieved *her* from this annoyance, would also relieve me from a still greater.

'Fortunately, we were not blessed with any pledges of our mutual *hate*, so that I felt I could bear the loss of my 'angel,' should it please the humor of any of our gay friends to take her off my hands, and such a consummation I had great hopes of seeing realized. I had long before intimated to my better half, that though I could not consent to give up the name of Butterball myself, I was so far melted by her prayers, that I would willingly join in a petition to the Legislature that *she* should be released from bearing it. The dear girl was perfectly willing to make the arrangement, only we quarrelled about the amount alimony I should allow her, and this unfortunate difference of opinion broke off the negociation. She very kindly proposed to take the charge of my whole estate, allowing me three hundred a year out of it for my support. *That* arrangement I thought would be imposing too great a burthen on my 'lady love!' so, to show my liberality and forethought, as a kind and considerate husband, I proposed to keep the estate myself, and allow her the three hundred per annum! This was the nearest we came to an agreement.

'I had noticed for some time the very assiduous attentions which a tall, bewhiskered fellow—who called himself a friend of the family—continued to bestow on Mrs. Butterball. I noticed, too, that Gabriella received them very graciously, and took good care not to throw any impediment in the way of the indulgence of their harmless amusements. They rode together, walked together, sang together, and danced together, until I had little difficulty in guessing the probable consequences of their platonic intimacy.

'The gentleman was very polite and friendly whenever we met, and Gabriella began to be much more courteous and affable in her bearing toward me than she had been before her intimacy with 'the friend of the family.' I was not so blind as they imagined, though it was my cue to appear even more so than they dared to hope.

'Matters took their regular course. The woman who listens to dishonorable proposals, without immediately dismissing her pretened lover, is surely lost. Whether Gabriella fell an easy conquest or not, I never took the trouble to learn. Suffice it she did fall, and then I profited to my heart's content by her indiscretion.

'I was satisfied of her many meetings with her friend, but did not act, until I could do so without the slightest risk of disappointment. An assignation had been made. Gabriella was punctual to the appointment—so was I—attended by a couple of friends. The discovery was so complete—the proofs so full and conclusive—that Gabriella did not effect to deny or palliate her guilt. I was the happiest fellow imaginable on getting rid of my 'angel,' whom a little more than two years before I had married for love. A divorce, *a mensa et thoro*, was pronounced a few months afterward, and I freely allowed Mrs. Butterball three hundred a year for her maintenance. She immediately adopted her maiden name, and is the Mrs. Howard whom you have known in V—st.

"The bottle is out. My tale is finished. Good night, my young friend. You have already heard the *moral* of 'my life.' Never marry—if you do, never marry *an angel*."

TYRE.

This city at present called Sour by the Arabs, is situated at the further extremity of the above mentioned Peninsula, and seems to rise out of the waves. At a distance you would still imagine it to be a new, beautiful, white and animated city, but it is nothing more than a fine shadow which vanishes on approaching it. A few hundred falling houses, in which the Arabs fold large flocks of sheep, and black goats, with long hanging ears which defiled before us in the plain, are all that remains of Tyre! She has no longer a port on the sea, no longer roads upon land; the prophecies respecting her have been long since accomplished.

We travelled on in silence, occupied with the thoughts of this desolation, and of the dust of empire, which we trod under our feet. Passing along a path, between the gray and naked hills of Lebanon, which here descend to the plain, we arrived at the city, now flanked by a sand bank, which seems its only existing rampart, but which will doubtless, ere long, bury the town under its mass. I thought of the prophecies, and endeavored to bring to my recollection some of those eloquent warnings with which the divine spirit inspired Ezekiel. I could not recall the words, but I discovered the meaning in the deplorable reality before my eyes. A few lines which I had traced at random before my departure for the East came fresh into my mind.

I have not heard beneath the cedars old,
Resounding cries from busy nations roll'd;
Nor seen, where Lebanon's black heights aspire,
God's missioned eagles dart from thence on Tyre.

I had now before me the 'black' Lebanon; but I said to myself, my imagination has deceived me: I see neither the eagles nor the vultures, which, according to the prophecies, are to descend unceasingly from the mountains, to despoil even the remains of the city, accursed of God, and the enemy of his people.

At the moment I made these reflections, something huge, grotesque, and motionless appeared at our left on the summit of a pointed rock, which advanced into the plain not far distant, close to the route of the caravan. It looked to me like five statues of black stone placed on a pedestal; but from certain motions almost imperceptible, of these colossal figures we fancied, on approaching nearer, that they were five Bouduin Arabs, clothed in their sacks of black goat's hair, who were looking at us as we passed.

When, however, we came at the distance of fifty paces from the rock, we saw one of the five figures display a pair of immense wings, which it flapped with a noise resembling that of a sail shaking in the breeze, and it now became clear that the figures were those of five Eagles, of the largest kind I had ever seen in the Alps, or in the managories of our cities. They did not take flight, but remained unmoved at our reproach. Seated like kings of the desert, they seemed to regard Tyre as their proper prey, whereunto they were going to return. They appeared conscious of possessing it by divine right; as if they were willing instruments of a prophetic vengeance, which they were determined to execute upon man, and in spite of man.

I could not cease from contemplating this prophecy in action—this wonderful fulfilment of the divine menaces, of which chance had rendered us witnesses. Never had any thing more supernatural struck my eyes or riveted my mind; and it required an effort of reason not to see behind these gigantic eagles, the great and terrible figure of vengeance—of Ezekiel—rising above them, and pointing out to them with eye and hand, the city which God had given them as a prey—while the wind of divine wrath agitated the flowing snowy beard of the prophet, and the fire of celestial indignation sparkled in his eyes.

We halted at the distance of forty spaces; the eagles merely turned their heads, as if disdainfully regardless of us. Two individuals belonging the caravan galloped to the foot of the rock armed with their guns. The eagles paid no attention to this; the guns were loaded with balls, and several shots were fired, which made them fly heavily away for a moment, but they voluntarily returned to the fire, and hovered long over our heads, without being struck by either of the balls, as if they meant to say, 'your efforts against us are powerless; we are the eagles of God.'

I now found that my poetical imagination had exhibited to me the Eagles of Tyre less faithfully, less impressively, less supernaturally, than the fact warranted, and that there is ever in the most obscure rays of the *mens divinor* of poets, something of divine and prophetic instinct which utters the truth without knowing it.—*La Marline's pilgrimage.*

Height of Waves.—Among other proofs of the incorrectness of the assertion, that no waves rise higher than ten feet above the ordinary level, the following vivid description is given: 'During the hurricane experienced to the northward of Barbadoes by the squadron under the command of the late Admiral de Curcy, (on July 99, 1805,) the *Centaur* a seventy four of the largest class, whilst lying-to, had the small boat, (a gig,) which was hoisted up at the stern davits, washed away, as well as the poop lantern, by an enormous wave, which was elevated *many feet* above the highest part of the ship's hull, as it rushed past with impetuous velocity; the portion which struck the ship cleared the poop-deck of every thing! On the evening of the second day, whilst the hull of our shattered and unwieldly vessel lay rolling in the trough of the sea, the cry of one of the look—out men, of 'a ship coming down upon us,' made those who were holding off, under the shelter of the weather bulwark, spring from their covert to get a peep of the scudding vessel, we jumped upon a carronade, and, with the greatest difficulty, held on, directing our eyes upwards to the position where the stars of the midheaven would have been sought for on a calm and clear night and indistinctly saw a *dark object upon the ridge of the towering wave*, which was approaching on the weather quarter The next minute a large ship (the *St. George*, 98,) *dashed close past our stern with a rapidity perfectly astounding;* and, before the eye could be well turned to leeward, she was almost out of sight. The danger was imminent, and but for the providential circumstance of the *St. George's* helmsman catching a momentary glimpse of the *Centaur* under the foot of the former's foresail, our doom, and theirs, too, it is probable, had been sealed. *One spoke* of the wheel to port saved us and barely so, for the giant ninety eight's proximity was alarmingly close, in her desperate flight before the furious tempest?—If any dependence can be placed upon our eyesight in broad daylight—when much of our heightened peril of the storm seemed to have lessened with the departure of the night—and from intent contemplation, for some hours, of the successive *seas* as these came rushing and doubling onwards, as it were, to wipe away with one brush of their curling and foaming the glorious and inglorious works of man, which lay like a helpless log at their mercy—we would say, that if a horizontal line had been drawn from the apex of the loftiest wave to the ship, it would have intersected the main mast about half way up from the deck; which, making allowances for unavoidable error, would give about fifty feet for the elevation of the wave.

Naut. Mag.

Many men gain a reputation for wisdom by a sententious and sober gravity. They are like Pat's owl, which he christened 'parrot,' and offered for sale Why said the purchaser, 'he does not talk.' 'No, to be sure but he kapes a devil of a thinking

A gentleman taking an apartment, told the landlady.

'I assure you madam I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears.'

'I hope it was not, sir, because you went away without paying.'

From the Baltimore Athenium and Visitor.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

While this distinguished statesman and patriot was Vice President of the United States, it was customary for the individual holding the said high office, to attend to business more in person, than the refinements of the more modern times will allow. It happened on one occasion that some important matters required his attention in Philadelphia, and some other places distant from the Capitol. In these days a journey to Philadelphia was not to be performed in a few hours; it was two or three days travel, and not one of the most pleasant sort either. On his return, he stopped in Baltimore; it was about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when the Vice President rode up, *suiteless* and unattended, to the tavern. A Scotchman by the name of Boyden, kept the hotel, of late so much improved and now so handsomely sustained by our worthy townsman Belzhoover. The bucks of the town were assembled in the large hall, smoking, strutting, cracking jokes, and otherwise indulging in the other etceteras of the day. Boyden was at the bar examining his books, and doubtless making calculation in reference to his future prospects. Jefferson had delivered his horse into the hands of the hostler, and walked into the tavern to make arrangements in regard to his fare. Some one touched Boyden upon the elbow and directed his attention to the stranger who was standing with his whip in hand; striking it occasionally on his muddy leggins. Boyden turned round and surveyed him from head to foot, and concluding him to be an old farmer, from the country, whose company would add no credit to the house, he said abruptly—"We have no room for you, sir."

Jefferson did not hear the remark, and asked if he could be accommodated with a room. His voice which was commanding and attractive, occasioned another survey of his person by the honest proprietor of the house, whose only care was for its reputation. He could not find, however, in his plain dress, pretty well covered, with mud, any thing indicating either wealth or distinction, and in his usual rough style, he said—

"A room!"

Jefferson replied, "Yes, sir, I should like to have a room to myself, if I can get it."

"A room, *all* to yourself! no—no, we have no room—there's not a spare room in the house—all full—all occupied—can't accommodate you."

The Vice President turned upon his heel, called for his horse, which by that time was snug in the stable—mounted and rode off.—In a few minutes one of the most *wealthy* and *distinguished* men of the town came in and asked for the gentleman who rode up to the door a few moments before—

"Gentleman!" said Boyden.

"Yes, the gentleman who came up but this instant on horseback.

"There has been no gentleman here on horseback this afternoon, and no stranger at all, but one country looking fellow who came in and asked if he could have a whole room; but I asked him out of that mighty quick, I tell you—I told him I had no room for such chaps as him."

"No room for such chaps as him!"

"No by the pipers, no room for any body that don't look respectable."

"Why, what are you talking about, man? He's the Vice President of the U. States."

"Vice President of the United States!" exclaimed Boyden, almost breathless in astonishment.

"Why, yes, sir, Thomas Jefferson, the Vice President of the United States, and the greatest man alive."

"Murder, what have I done? Here Tom, Jim, Jerry, Jake—where are you all? Here, fly you villians—fly and tell that gentleman we've forty rooms at his service! By George! Vice President—Thomas Jefferson! Tell him to come back, and he shall have my wife's parlor—my own room—Jupiter, what have I done? Here Harriet, Mary Jule, clear out the family! he shall have the best room, and all the rooms, if he wants them. Off you hussies, put clean sheets on the bed. Bill, take up this mirror. George, hurry up with the boot jack. By George! what a mistake."

For fifteen minutes Boyden raved like a madman, and went fifty times to the door to see if his wished-for guest was returning.—The Vice President rode up Market street, where he was recognized by many of his acquaintances, and by them directed to the Globe tavern, which stood somewhere near the corner of Market and Charles streets.—Here Boyden's servants came up and told him their master had provided rooms for him.

"Tell him, I have engaged rooms," said Jefferson.

Poor Boyden's mortification can be better imagined than told of: the chaps who were loitering about the bar and the large hall, and laughed heartily at the disappointment of the muddy farmer, had recovered from their astonishment, and were preparing to laugh at their downcast landlord. After some time, he prevailed upon some friend to wait upon Mr. Jefferson with his apology, and request that he should return and take lodgings at his house, promising the best room and all the attention that could be given to him.

Mr. Jefferson returned the following answer: "Tell Mr Boyden," said he, "I appreciate his kind intentions; but if he had no room for the muddy farmer, he shall have none for the Vice President."

AN INCIDENT AT NATCHEZ.

I was led to reflect that the daring and fool hardy spirit of Mike Fink had not become extinct among the boatmen, when our steamer come to, for a few hours, at Natchez, on her way down the Mississippi. This city, which on the heights displays a beautiful appearance, is nevertheless more noted on the river here for the character of the lower town, or, 'Natchez under the hill,' which the boatmen make a kind of rendezvous, and is the frequent theatre of a royal *row*. At the time of our stop there, over fifty boats of different descriptions were laying off in the river opposite this place. Close to the wharf, upon the deck of a broadhorn, stood a fellow of powerful muscular appearance; and every now and then he would swing around his arms and throw out a challenge to any one '*who dared to come and take the rust off him*,'' styling himself the "roarer," and declaring that he had'nt had a fight in a month, and was getting lazy.

The men standing around seemed neither disposed to take much notice of this fellow nor to accept his challenge, and from this I imagined that he was a regular bruiser, and no one cared to oppose him. For some time he continued throwing out his challenge, and interlarding his speeches with the usual boast of a western bruiser—that is, that he was half horse, half alligator, half steamboat, and half snapping turtle, with a little dash of lightning," &c. &c.

Presently, a little stubbed fellow came along and, hearing the challenger dare any one to rub the rust off of him, stepped up and in a dry kind of style looked up in his face and inquired, "Who might you be, my big chicken—eh?"

"I'm a high-pressure steamer," roared the big bully.

"And I'm a snag!" replied the little one; as he pitched into him; and before he had time to reflect, he was sprawling upon the deck.

A general shout of applause burst from the spectators; and many now, who before stood aloof from the braggadocio, jumped on board the boat, and enjoyed the manner in which the little fellow pummeled him.

This scrape appeared to be the signal for several other fights; and in the evening a general row ensued, which ended in the demolition of several edifices and the unhousing of several scores of their inmates; however, during the night our boat left the town, and I learned nothing farther connected with this scrape.—*Dragoon Campaigns.*

"ABOUT TO DO IT."

An agent writes us that he was "about getting" some subscribers for us, but in the mean time, an agent for another paper visited the place, and got them all away. How many failures are there in this world, of things which are about to be done.—The merchant was about to go to his store—but the customer has come and made his purchase elsewhere. The farmer was about to mend his fence, but the cattle have got in destroyed his corn. The house was about to be insured, but in the mean time it took fire and burnt up. The debtor was about to discharge his honest dues, but in the mean time the money slipt away for some other use. The head of a family was about to attend family worship, but the proper hour had passed, and the call of a friend, or the pressure of business has laid it aside for the present.—The good man was about to make donations for benevolent purposes, but he died suddenly. The sinner was about to repent, but a sudden death prevented.—*Zion's Advertiser.*

It behoves us always to bear in mind, that while *actions* are always to be judged by the immutable standard of right and wrong, the judgments which we pass upon *men* must be qualified by considerations of age, country, situation, and other accidental circumstances, and it will then be found that he who is most charitable in his judgment, is generally the least unjust.—*Southey.*

Two little boys were fined $2 each, in Boston, for smoking long 9s in the street.